

Best Of All Possible Worlds

The Little Willies

I was runnin' thru the summer rain,
waiting for the evenin' train
to kill that old familiar pain
weavin' thru my tangled brain
when I tipped my bottle back and
smacked into a cop I didn't see
That policeman said "Mister Cool,
if you ain't drunk, then you're a fool"
I said "If that's against the law,
then tell me why I never saw
no man locked in this jail of yours
who wasn't just as low down poor as me?"
And that was when someone turned out the lights
Yes and I wound up in jail to spend the night
and dream of all the wine and lonely girls
in this best of all possible worlds

Next mornin' I woke up feelin' like my head was really gone
And like my thick old tongue was lickin' something sick and wrong
I said "I'd sell my soul for something about as wet and cold as
this old cell"
That kindly jailer looked at me, all eaten up with sympathy
Then poured himself another beer and came and whispered in my ear
"If booze was just a dime a bottle boy, you couldn't even buy the
he smell"
I said "I knew there was something I liked about this town"
Oh but it takes more than that to bring me down
'cause there's still a lot of wine and lonely girls
in this best of all possible worlds

Well they finally came and told me they was a gonna set me free
And I'd be leavin' town if I knew what was good for me
I said "It's nice to learn that everybody's so concerned about
my health"
But I won't be leavin' no more quicker than I can
'Cause I've enjoyed about as much of this as I can stand
And I don't need this town of yours no more than I never needed
nothin' else"
'Cause there's still a lot of drinks that I ain't drunk
Yes and lots of pretty thoughts that I ain't thunk
Oh yes there's still a lot of wine and lonely girls
in this best of all possible worlds
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